

A  
Murnival of Knaves:  
OR,  
WHIGGISM  
Plainly Display'd,  
AND  
(If not grown shameless) Burlesqu'd  
out of Countenance.

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*Aude aliquid brevibus Cyaris & carcere dignum,  
Sivis esse aliquis, Probitas laudatur & alget.*

Juv. Satyr. 1.

by John Norris, Rector of Bemerton near Sarum

*Author's permission obtained  
of Messrs. W. & A. G. 1774.*



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Journal of the  
 of  
 WHIGGISH  
 Family Display of  
 and  
 the great Whigish  
 of the

London: Printed by J. D. [illegible]  
 1784



784

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TO THE  
Worshipful Mr. P. D. B.

*Most Worthy Patriots,*

I Presume to Dedicate this *Pamphlet* to you, (for I can call it no more, and I presume you will stile it no less) considering your coupled Loyalty; and withal to inform you, that there is nothing contained herein, against the *Loyal Party* of that *Emporium* of *Christendom*, and *Metropolis* of *London*, but only the *Dissenters*: which I think I am in duty bound to do, and requires the Pen of a *Cleveland*, though never so *Sarcastick*, to reduce them to *Obedience*. I beseech you be not offended at my *Endeavours*, because they are honest, and no ways injurious, and little offensive, but what may pass the censure of a *Scholastick*

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

tick without blame; at least, under the notion of a *Licentia Poetica*, if *Burlesque Rhythme* may be allowed it. I do not in the least question your approbation *primâ facie*; but if you disrelish any thing herein, I am so much a Stoick, that I value not your Censure or Opinion: yet however, with permission, give me leave to acquaint you, that if you disapprove of it, I know who will not. This is all at present from

*Your Humble Servant,*

PHILANAX.

## POSTSCRIPT.

**I**F the Author's Name in the close of the Epistle cramps your Understanding, let me advise you, as a friend, to consult the Worshipful Dr. OATES, (who has been of most (I had almost said all) Religions:) and if he has not forgot his Greek and Latine, as much as he has forfeited his Religion and Honesty, I believe he may be your Interpreter.

A



I

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A

# Murnival of Knaves,

&c.

**W**hen that the poor oppressed *Press*  
Groan'd under the *Cacoethes*  
Of Scribling ; when *Baboon* and *Pug*  
Skirmisht in Paper-Dialogue ;

When *Vile Tom'son* did disembugue  
At one another *Russian*, *Rogue*,  
Profligate *Villain*, *Fidler*, *Knave*,  
*Buffoon* and *Rascal*, rail and rave  
In such foul terms as these ; a Pack  
Enuf to break a *Porters* back,  
Or sham at th' sharpest scolding rate  
The *Wastcoteers* of *Beline's-gate* :  
When one of these loose *Pamphleteers*  
Was very near losing his Ears,  
And did through *Wood-loop-hole* survey  
The Market on a welcome day ;  
Nay, had he not begg'd off close-keeping.  
And Fine, good faith, had paid for's peeping:

Then

*A Murnival of Knaves, &c.*

Then 'twas. I blush in *Burlesque Rhyne*  
 To think on't; but I'll tell the time,  
 (Lest that the *Whiggs* shou'd sneer and prate,  
 And say this story is *sans Date*.)  
 New style (to make no more ado,)

It was i'th' year *Fourscore and Two*,  
 The Ape of *five times eight and one*;  
 And this to our stark shame was done,  
 By Pladded *Blew-Cap* and *Bog-Trotter*,  
 Whilst Resident here *Haddu Ben Otter*.  
 Then *Whig* and *Tory* took the Field,  
 Fought briskly, but would neither yield;  
 The one of *Caledonian Race*,  
 T'other has an *Hibernian Face*;  
 True *Englisb Guelphs* and *Gibelines*,  
 Dartering their *Quils*, like *Porcupines*.  
 O how the *Moor* and *Turk* will flee  
 At *Christians*, when as once they hear,  
 At one another how they jeer,  
 And raunt and taunt and domineer!  
 Nay, Teaze and Scold, and Rail downright  
 At *Hodge* and smiling *Heraclete*,  
 When half a quarter of their Sense,  
 Will baffle *Whiggs* Impertinence;  
 And all that Gang, except these two,  
 Deserve to Hang, had they their due.  
 Of these Dissentions what's the Cause?  
 In truth a second *Good old Cause*,

Started

*A Murnival of Knaves, &c.*

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Started by some of *Uxbridge-strain*.  
(May it be ne're started again)  
Persons and Names of Men I'll spare,  
But blame their Vices, that's Play fair:  
As to their *Tone*, their *Garb*, their *Gate*,  
I'll such a story true relate,  
And give *Jack* such a Character,  
That you'll need no Interpreter.  
Have you not heard a squeaking *Ape*,  
Tire the Gods with shril-mouth'd gape,  
As if the *Heavens* cou'd not hear,  
Unless he rend the *Hemisphere*,  
Or that the Gods are now grown old,  
Or thick of hearing by catcht cold?  
'Tis Prodigie all o're, yet true,  
Listen, you'll hear what he can do.  
He can *outgape* bang'd unbrac'd Drums  
With sticks two, fingers eight, two Thums,  
*Thunder-outnoise* with's deep-mouth'd Bafs,  
*Outbray* the Phlegmatick dull As;  
With a strange noise laying Hens *outcaokle*,  
Gossips *Out-chat* in Prittle-prattle,  
(Whose Musick, if compar'd to thee,  
Is pretty, taking Harmonie;)  
*Outgrunt* the Babe of *Farrowing Sow*,  
*Outlow* little *Irish Runt* or Cow,  
*Outbellow* too her Consort-Bull,  
*Out-scold* the strong-lung'd Drab and Trull,

*Outbay*

# 4 *A Murnival of Knaves, &c.*

*Outbay* in full cry Packs of Dogs,  
*Outcroak* the ugly Toads and Frogs,  
*Th'Inhabitants* of Fens and Bogs;  
*Outhollow* Huntsmen in full speed,  
*Outbum* the Bittern in a Reed,  
*Outroar* the Waves dashing 'gainst Rock,  
*Outscream* the gay-plum'd Bird Peacock,  
*Outbawl* Ships Crew in Storms at Sea,  
 Without a *Peripneumonie*;  
*Outbowl* Hell's Hound with triple sconce,  
*Outshout* Routs yelping all at once;  
*Outsquawl*, by help of potent Tipple,  
 The froward Infant wean'd from Nipple;  
 The Lion and great Gun *outrore*,  
 Through his large, wide-mouth'd Cannon-bore;  
*Outscream* a Holy, Zealous Sister,  
 When with lips sanctifi'd has kist her,  
 And tap'd and spigoted her Bung-  
 Hole, neighbour to *Confines of Dung*;  
*Outmew* grim Malkin can this Fop,  
 Making Amours on the house top;  
*Outsqueak* unoyl'd door, ungreas'd Cart-  
 Wheel, in *Gend Balads* bearing part;  
*Outsfound* the Cataracts of Nile,  
 Deafning all round they say a Mile;  
*Outyawn* a wide *Hiatus* too  
 With ease which you or I can't do,

Nay.



Nay this *Clerks* bawling, harsh-nos'd Tones,  
 Are far more dismal than the Groines  
 Of Men dying o'th' *Foul Disease*,  
 (Whose aking Bones disturb all ease)  
 The Racking Gout, the Stone or Colick ;  
 But this in him's a holy Frolick.  
 Shou'd a *Turk* hear't, by's Fathers Beard  
 He'd swear 'twas the worst voice e're heard ;  
 By *Alla* and by *Mahomet*,  
 He'd not that hideous noise forget ;  
*Papists* by th' *Mass* ; the wandring *Jew*  
 Pawns *Tetragrammaton* 'tis true ;  
 And with true *Christians*, all conclude,  
 The Gentry, Commons, Multitude,  
 'Tis but an hypocritick Tone,  
 Mixt with a feigned Sigh and Grone,  
 To gain their Parties great Applause,  
 And to maintain the *Good old Cause*,  
 Contrary to establisht Laws. }  
 And wonder too how it can be, }  
 They don't, who hear him constantly, }  
 Lose th' *otoconstick* Faculty. }  
 Thus you have all the various Notes,  
 Warbled through *Puritanick* Throats,  
 As deep-mouth'd Bass, soft Mean, shrill Treble,  
 And all not worth small stone call'd Peble.  
 'Tis the *Dissenters* new *Sol Fa*,  
 And every Note above *Ela* ;

B

Or

Or if you please, 'tis nothing but  
 The *Presbyterians Gamut*.  
 Now Railing *Rabshakeb* surcease,  
 Leave off your Flouts for shame, Peace, Peace.  
 His Auditors it plainly appears,  
 Have all of them Sanctified ears.  
 I've done with his *Stentorian* voice,  
 And glad I am out of the noise.  
 But now I'll launch into the Seas  
 Of his rare other Qualities,  
 His rich Endowments and his Arts,  
 His Corporal and mental parts:  
 He has Fingers Ten, and eke Ten Toes,  
 (A *French Twang* in an *English Nose*)  
 If not *Adonizebeckt* by  
 Just Judgment for his villany.  
 Spits forth in Pulpit Superstition,  
 Bauls out Rebellion and Sedition,  
 Belches more Flames and Fire too,  
 Than *Mongibel* and *Strombolo*;  
 A Kirk-Buffoon, can wink and pray,  
 And blindfold teach to Bliss the way:  
 Heaven's *Newsmonger*, can tell a Tale,  
 And bang't about with his Tong-flaile,  
 Strengthened by *Female-Candles*, and  
 Fortified with the fat o'th' Land;  
 Has good Church-vailes, but yet no sense,  
 By white-apron'd Benevolence.

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Can squeeze his Eyes close ; shrivle up Nose,  
Th' Organ through which he sings in Prose ;  
Whose *Canting* makes some laugh, some weep,  
And some oft-times fall fast asleep.  
His Preachments stuf with *Hums* and *Haws*,  
And patcht up with the *Good old Cause*,  
(That Babe of Grace, Brat of their Loins,  
Got 'twixt *Scotch* and *Geneva* Groins)  
With *Lord !* in Prayer, O *Lord* thou knowst  
We know nought, *Lord, Great Lord of Hosts !*  
Thus breaking off, leaves Sense and Wit  
To be found out by th' Hearers ; yet,  
Let the *Prophane* say what they will,  
He makes a *Moving-Sermon* still,  
And before th' end is left i'th' lurch,  
And People all drop out o'th' Church,  
But some awd Wives, 'bout six or seven,  
Just by the Pulpit, bound for Heaven,  
But God know's when, who all things know's,  
No body else (as I suppose)  
If they have none but such Guides blind,  
As these, to Cultivate the Mind ;  
Crying through zeal, Ah *Pretious Man !*  
How plain, when as he first began,  
He made the Text and Context too,  
Both to weak me, and eke poor you ?  
What work he made on't ? Oh such work,  
As might convert a *Jew* or *Turk !*

How he did tumble o'r the Text,  
 Tho i'th' Original perplex ;  
 And minc'd it small, to th' end it might  
 Digest with th' weakest Appetite ?  
 What Comforts, nay, what Truths Soul-Saving  
 Flow from him, worth hearing and having !  
 It pierc'd my heart, and made me Grone,  
 As well as *Goody Such-a-one*.  
 But Aged Dames, go to, go to,  
 You over-do, in truth you do ;  
 For't has been said b'unlucky spittle,  
 You cou'd not hear one word or tittle ;  
 For you were all born, or deaf grown,  
 By Sickneſs not fit to be known.  
 He, when the Spirit moves, can Pray  
*Extrumpore* three hours *per day* ;  
 And if in all that time, of Sense  
 One word drops from him, I from thence-  
 Forth to hear him will b' always bound,  
 Tho I'd fiſt be ſet quick i'th' ground.  
 He can *encuerpo* Prate, when Zeal  
 Hath warm'd him throughly, and then rec  
 Croſs Diameter o'th' Pulpit, role  
 From th' Arctic to th' Antarctic Pole  
 Of his *Suggeſtum*, teach you th' way  
 Unto *Terra Incognita*.  
 He's th' walking Monument or Gin  
 Of Actual and Original Sin,

Who



Who with starchit Gravity and Grace  
 Moves to a holy *Cinque-a-pace* :  
 Nay he can dance *Geneva-figs*  
 To Bagpipes that out squeak stuck Pigs ;  
 Yet thinks 'tis not when he does do't,  
 The Sensuality o'th' foot ;  
 If you judge so, you're much i'th' dark,  
 'Tis a Zealous *Frisk* before the *Ark*,  
*Lavalto*, *Capriol* or *Kick*,  
 No *Mimics* or *Jack-Puddings* Trick ;  
 He's no such Person, Sir, I'll vouch ye,  
 But a Religious *Mammamouchie*,  
 Bishop in Surplice, worse him scares  
 Than Spirits in sheets, or *Garden-Bears* ;  
 Hates Choristers with sweet *Sol, Fa*,  
 His Tones being ten Notes 'bove *Ela* ;  
 But twangs through th' Nose, like unset Chimes,  
*Hopkins* and *Sternholds* groveling Rhymes.  
 Th' *Organ* well-tun'd brings him to Fits,  
 And stare like one quite out of 's Wits ;  
 Or in plain language, Sir (a fig  
 For gawdy words) glares like dead Pig.  
 His upper-Garment's Cap Calot,  
 Tipt with white like black Jack or Pot,  
 And lin'd with loggerheaded Sot :  
*Serjeant Divine* o'th' Coif that can  
 Outspawl, outspit Asthmatic Man.

The

The outer's a black Cloak to hide  
 Knavery, Ells two long, three wide,  
 Which swathes the Corps of *Bigot Lad*,  
 Like *Mangie Scot* lapt up in *Plad*.  
 Cloak, whose base Tenant ne'r was Loyal,  
 Nor can endure *Duke* that's *Royal* !  
 Cloak, that dost all *Rebellion* shrowd,  
 In one that's *Spiritually Proud* !  
 Cloak, that doth walking *Treason* wrap,  
 And sometimes too a *Swinging Clap* !  
 Cloak, whose *Jack-Pudding-Tricks* we know  
 Makes *Monarchie* a *Puppet-Show* !  
 Cloak, who dost hate each *Ruling Thing*,  
 And woud'st set up a *Grand-Dogue King* !  
 Cloak, where all *Vices* crowded dwell !  
 Cloak, only for the *Devil of Hell* !  
 Therefore I leave thee *sans* farewell. }  
 Round *Railing Throat* he ever wore  
 A *Band*, like that 'bout neck of *Moor*,  
 Which by that *Crew* is call'd *Round-Robin* ;  
 With *Bandstrings* small dangling like *Bobin*,  
 Wherewith he play's all's *Pratling* while,  
 Enuf to make your *Worship* smile ;  
 Nay more, we'r't not before the *Altar*,  
 Enuf to make *Towzer* break *Halter*.  
 The ornaments round top of *Fist*,  
 Which some more properly term *Wrist*,

Arc

# A Murnival of Knaves, &c.

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Are Cuffs, so call'd, in number twain,  
 Just and no more, without Lace, Plain,  
 Of Sleasy *Holland* so deep and wide,  
 They'd serve for *Muckender* hung by's side,  
 To wipe him in's hot fit (no harm,  
 I hope) and reach to keep him warm  
 Fro' th' *Carpus* to the middle arm.  
 I think I need not make more stir  
 About this *Linsay-Wolsey Sir*,  
 You'l know him by this Character.  
 I think I promis'd it before,  
 And therefore I will do't no more.  
 But now I'm come unto the A---  
 Of this untoward *Balade-Farse*,  
 He shall not dye the death of 'Dog,  
*Sans* Epitaph, or Epilogue,  
 Call't which you please, I don't much matter,  
 I'll say as *Taffy* does, *Have at her*.  
 He is a Foe to *Prophane* people,  
 And goes to Houses yclep'd *Steeple*;  
 A *Skittish Jade*, but he'l not tire,  
 Tho as *Stew---* Wh--- he swinks for hire.  
 A *Pulpit-Bontesen*, *Church-Cracker*,  
 A Fervid, painful *Cushion-Thwacker*,  
 The *Kirks Fisgig*, *Wildfire*, or so,  
 The States new *Cacasuego*,  
 And so resolve to let him go.

Now

Now that I have ranged thus far  
 With *General Particular*,  
 Pardon me cause'ts a foolish Trick,  
 As well as *Roman Catholick*;  
 I'll leave them quiet, and be gon,  
 Resolving to assault poor *Don*.  
 The first that treads this *Burlesque Stage*,  
 Is the *State-Mimick* of our Age,  
 A pretty Pigmy, lank with care,  
 Like Jugler looks in *Bartle-Fair*,  
 Or th' Chitty-fac'd poor thing appears,  
 When Hors'd like Creature before Bears;  
 He winks to understand the Sense  
 Of what is given in Evidence,  
 With ominously Neck awry,  
 Wou'd you know? faith I know not why.  
 On whom kind Nature did engrave  
 The true proverbial mark of Knave  
 Who winks with one eye, looks with t'other,  
 'S not to be trusted, though nown Brother.  
 All Creatures hear with Ears? you lye;  
 For little *Tony* hears with's eye;  
 No Treason's this, nor Blaspheiny:  
 A winking, pinking, dapper *Don*,  
*Sire of th' Association*;  
 A Brat o'th' little Lord's cold brains:  
 Methinks th' Abhorrrers of such strains

At



At length shou'd shame this Pygmie-Elf  
To an Abhorrence of himself.  
The Issue both of's Head and Tail  
(If weaknes can beget a Male,  
Or be so weapon'd with a Tool  
To make a Child, I shou'd say Fool)  
Compare, and then let me prevale  
With you to hear me out my Tale.  
The Son's Purse-proud and Fortune-fat,  
Now Fortune favours you kno what.  
The Sire's a Crafty *Chit*, a Grave  
(In plain unwelted Saxon) Kn----  
So that 'twou'd strangely puzzle all  
The *Rabble Astrological*  
To *Schematize* to thee, or me,  
The *Son's* Wit, or *Sire's* Honesty.  
Yet the last some accursed *Fate*  
Doth ominously prædestinate,  
Or *Haggard Witch*, some *Dæmon Vile*,  
Or the *Ill Genius* of this *Isle*  
Preserves this Bagatel to be  
The *Tap'd Plague* of these Kingdoms three.  
Yet he cou'd never ha' surviv'd  
So long, but that he is Cat-liv'd.  
His Soul's a Blank (pardon th'Expression)  
Apt to receive any Impression  
Of Maxims fetcht from *Rome* or *Hell*,  
By *Loyola*, or *Machiavel*.

A *Charles* to day, to morrow *Nol*;  
 Nay let them *Queen Quean Orange-Mol*,  
 All's one to him, let the World prate-on,  
 As long as he can save his Bacon.

By help of *Bow-dy'd Conscience* dapple,  
 With all these *Humours* he can grapple,  
 Nay with as many more as these ;

O thou Brave, *Pygmie-Hercules* !

The spawn of him of whom 'twas fed  
 By *Witty Peg* of *France* since dead,  
 More Heretics he did create

In *Church*, than *Florentine* in State !

He has run through the *Torrid Zone*  
 Of Forty eight, and Forty one.

But here I think I err in time,

Onely to gratifie my Rhyme.

Hang't, 'tis but a Poetic Trick,

And often us'd in Rhetoric,

Which we dare say (tho done perforce)

'Tis but the Cart before the Horse,

And so is not a pin the worse.

Has seen a *Cobler Lordship*,

Hath long Conversed with *Count Pride*,

(And as it hath bin lately said

By *States-man Sage*, who is since dead,

If it seems good to powerful *Fate*,

A *Dray-horse* may be a *Horse of State* ;

And

And some of them, who then did Rule,  
Had Reason less than Horse or Mule.)  
Nay, he hath had the lucky fate  
To sit with the *Council of State*,  
And *Committee of Safety* too,  
Which was no easie Task to do ;  
The *Jointed-Baby*, Bartle-Bauble  
Adored by the Giddy Rabble,  
The prime *Court-Puppet* of the City,  
Both wise in their conceit, and witty ;  
Promoter of each Sect and Schism,  
The Directory, Catechism,  
Made by *Westminster-Sanbedrim*,  
And (when with Zeal fill'd to the brim)  
Their *Orator*, or rather *Prater*,  
*Oracle*, *Grand Associater*.  
The *Hector* of the *Good old Cause*,  
An Enemy to wholsom Laws ;  
A Friend (if any) unto those  
Who are the Nations Public Foes.  
None fitter is to Rule the Rost  
Than such a one, who hath engrost  
All the Intrigues of Politie  
In *Monarchie* and *Anarchie*.  
Where's sleepy Conscience all the while ?  
Thou *Jack* o'both sides in this Isle !  
With Conscience great, or Conscience small, }  
Or Conscience fear'd, that's worst of all, }  
Or just like Conscience none at all.

Nay farther, for I needs must tell ye,  
 He has a Commonwealth in's Belly,  
 Which by some *State-Emetics* may  
 Be violently purg'd away,  
 Or otherwise he'll lingring lie  
 Of this *State-Tympany*, and die.  
 Unto that end I'll have 'a bout,  
 And try to fright away his Gout ;  
 Cowardly Gout ! for shame retreat,  
 Rack not his *Petitoes* with heat  
 And Pain ; for he God wor's grown cold,  
 And Nature's crumbling him to Mold  
 By thee, yet let him die in peace,  
 Rather than live thus our disease ;  
 No matter which way, so we're rid  
 Of this *Sham-plotting Whirlegig* ;  
 This little Lord, but huge grand Whig,  
 The People's *Dagon*, *Demi-God*,  
 The *Rabbles Darling*, small *Birch-rod*  
 Of Loyalty, a *Whiffing Blade*,  
 The *Page of Honour*, *Lancepresfade*  
 Of Valour, *Pickaninny-Peer*,  
 Who minds his Hits, *Fight Dog*, *fight Bear*  
 Patron of all Dissenters, and  
 The *Demogorgon of Whigland* ;  
 For which, 'tis said, he must resigne  
 His better share in *Caroline* ;

 }  
 Nay



Nay he shall be, and't please the Pigs  
 The *Anti-Yorkist* of the *Whigs*,  
 Or else be Canoniz'd by me  
 The *Whigs* little St. *Anthony*.  
 This *Polish-Kingling* since, they say,  
 Who scarce cou'd creep, is run away,  
 ('Twou'd vex a Dog to lie and peep,  
 And see a skewer'd Pudding creep)  
 To spend to's monumental praise  
 The ragged remnant of his days,  
 'Till 'mongst the *Boorish Belgian Rout*  
 His stinking snuff of life goes out;  
 Where he may be of Devils the worst  
 In all their *Cacarchie* accurst,  
 Provided he proves moderate,  
 And with his horns push not the *State*.  
 I like his choice, 'tis very well,  
 He has the shorter cut to *Hell*;  
 For 'tis the lowest Moorish *Bog*,  
 That e'er was Tenanted by Frog:  
 Now he and they can't but agree,  
 Being Rebels *ab origine*.  
 Yet if he e'er return again,  
 And cross the Pond, which some call Main,  
 May he and's *Myrmidonian Whigs*  
 Be sows't in't, and made food for Grigs;  
 But he hath since cut such a *Sham*,  
 That they ha' made this nocent *Lam*  
 A *Burgh-Master* of *Amsterdam*.

}

In

In *Batrachomyomachie*,  
 Whether it be by Land or Sea,  
 If Frogs and Mice once more fall out,  
 Then he wou'd be, without all doubt,  
 Chosen within those *Countries Low*,  
 On one side Generalissimo.

Now we have done with little Man  
*Zachæus*, a right Publican,  
*Exit* ; and enter on the Stage  
 The Mighty *Anak* of this Age ;  
 Who first appears in *fur-fac'd-Gown*,  
 Great Officer of *London-Town*,  
 (Or as some please to term it City ;  
 But in good sooth, the more's the Pity)  
 Of *May-pole-Statute*, high Renown,  
 Who is so base and sordid grown,  
 That some by old *Tradition* dare,  
 And others positively swear,  
 He'd craving *Colon* satisfie  
 With a Six-penny-Mutton-pie :  
 Yet if he was resolv'd to Feast,  
 And to *Regale* that *Canine* Guest,  
 Th' Ord'nary Club at height must be  
 Inflam'd with sum of pence thrice three,  
 (But here's the *Devil* on't, good Sir,  
 What will become o'th' *Caterer* ?  
 Poor Rogue ! he'll be harraст with care  
 For to Adjust this Bill of Fare.)

So

So that this great Jolt-head of Veal  
Will die indebted many a Meal  
To his poor Carcas, that will crave  
Bread, for the Lord's sake, in the Grave.  
It might ha' prov'd a Gorgeous Prey  
Unto those *Animalcula*,  
Who Banquet in all Tombs on dust,  
But in his Monument Fast they must.  
The *Phrygian Fabler* all agree  
Taught Birds and Beasts their *ABC*,  
Might teach those Insects for to wish,  
(Being depriv'd of such a Dish)  
That *Mighty Jove* wou'd let him be  
The pendent Fruit of *Fatal Tree*,  
Devour'd, in answer to their prayer,  
By *blood-beakt-Canibals* o'th' Air.  
He's fraught with nought but *Plot* and *Sham*,  
*Disgrace*, hoth of his Sire and Dam ;  
The Nation's *Shame* and the Cities Stain,  
Which can't be rinsed out by the Main ;  
*Scorn* of his Sex, *Nature's* By-Blow,  
The Chief of *Cuckolds* all a row,  
Who has the cursed thirst of Gold,  
As naturally as he of old ;  
Nay and withal (for all your Jeers)  
His Punishment too, *Asses Ears*.  
Therefore some other thing will be  
Invented by the Deity

To

To make this wretched *Miser* feel  
*Nemesis* angry Lash of Steel.  
 The day after *Simon* and *Jude*,  
 (Saint I omit, to please the *Rude*  
*Ill-manner'd Whigs*, whom *Jack* doth teach  
 To use the *Irreverence* of their *Breech*  
 (I'll say no more t'avoid Commotion)  
 Ith' highest Act of their Devotion)  
 Were he on foot he wou'd appear  
 The Gawdiest Pageant that is there ;  
 But mounted on his *Palfrey* Stout,  
 The onely *Centaur* mongst the Rout,  
 And when on Steed once fixt and set,  
 Looks like *Baboon*, not *Marmoset*.  
 The latter is a thing too small  
 To represent great *Lout* withal.  
 In *Ignoramus* he's well read,  
 As some are in old *Hollinsbed* ;  
 And know's how to patch up the *Pannel*,  
 For which some wish him lap't in *Flannel*;  
 Or his Executors pay five pound,  
 And break his heart, tho' under ground:  
 For he that wou'd not Club his shilling  
 For Corpse alive, will ne'er be willing,  
 When dead, and laid among the Croud,  
 Be charg'd with such a costly Shroud,  
 Or give such a Prodigious Sum  
 For's Voyage to *Elysium* :

Nay



Nay others judge he will not spare  
The *Ferry-Man* of *Hell* his Fare ;  
But rather wander all alone  
On gloomy banks of *Acheron*.  
He is the City's *Demagogue*,  
Whom some call *Fool*, but most call *Rogue*.  
Wit he has little ; but if any,  
'Tis onely how to turn the peny.  
But *Rogue* enuf ; a *Sneaking Fop*,  
A sordid Miser, mere *Milk-sop*.  
He's very Caballistical  
In Tavern-Clubs, Harangues them all,  
(For *Englisb-Prate*, if you'll afford  
Such a good, modish *Gallic Word*)  
With whites of Eyes, expanded Hands,  
And Speech Larded with *If's*, *Buts*, *Ands*,  
With gross *Rebellion*, horrid *Treason*,  
During all that Nocturnal Season,  
'Bove Statute-Madness, gross Non-sence,  
And such a *Stock* of *Impudence*,  
That without rudeness of a Ly,  
Some of the Gang cry *Pish*, nay *Fy* !  
This done, all's done, and too much too,  
Yet not then without much ado.  
But when *Bow's Curfew* rings thrice three,  
That doth refresh their memory ;  
'Tis late, and some *Tory* may say,  
They turn the Night into the Day.

D

Then

Then they arise with wearied Crupper,  
 And some of them reel home to Supper;  
 But this same *Chair-man* scorns to be  
 Guilty of such Extravagancie.

Then he begins like *Acres-wise*  
 To drop, as every one his *size*,  
 So break up th' *Evening-Exercise*.

And then they all shake-hands, and part  
 With every one an aking heart,

Saying, If *Popish Heir* appear,

We all of us shall be, I fear,

Involv'd in blood up to each ear.

Give me leave now tell y'a story

Of a Mischievous Waggish *Tory*

Who one night (twas not very late)

*Palabrous* was, that's full of prate,

And did Inveigh egregiously

'Gainst this same *Alderman-Would-be*.

Now all the while that he did Chatter

About this great and weighty Matter,

It chanc'd in Kitchen-corner stood

His Man, like Image made of wood,

Who gap'd and suckt in the discourse,

Took it for better or for worse,

As Men do *Wives*. *Toria*, they say,

His worth most truly did display,

His Vertues, Parts, the great and less,

As also his Closefistedness.

His

His Man i'th' fire-nook, who heard all  
 With Patience very great, not small,  
 Told's Master more, no doubt, than all  
 (For 'stories Snow-ball-like do gain  
 By being roll'd from brain to brain.)  
 At which enrag'd, he soon did leap  
 From *Newgate-street* unto *West-cheap*,  
 Where *Tom* and *Dick*, and *Jack* and *Hal*  
 Keep their *Rebellious Cabal*.  
 I wonder thou canst live among  
 A *Wicked Crew*, a *Whiggish Throng*,  
 Thus uninfected (Faith and Troth)  
 Being near the *Castled Behemoth*,  
 That *Catabaptist Whig*, that can  
 Outly, outcheat each Mortal Man,  
 And that same *quondam Gate-hous'd Fop*,  
 That o're the way keeps a large Shop,  
 Who is no *Christian*, nor yet *Jew*;  
 And that some will aver is true;  
 As well as *Promise* and *Py-Crust*,  
 When made, that broken be they must  
 But to be faithful in my work,  
 By's Head you'll guess him to be *Turk*;  
 What makes thee prove a *Tory* still?  
 Faith! 'tis thine obstinate nown *self-will*.  
 But to the Man, read him who list,  
 A *Trojan* false as ever *list*;

**D** 2

A Man, if he deserves that name,  
 So Profligate and void of Shame,  
 That he'll pretend to any thing,  
 But *Fear God, and Honour th' King*,  
 As he grows old he will grow Bolder,  
 'Till's Head by th' Pole's higher than Shoulder,  
 That *Elevation of the Pole*  
 May much advantage his own Soul,  
 And prove more grateful to the *State*,  
 Than that of old, or this of late,  
 If Souls access to Heaven have  
 More from the *Gallows* than the *Grave*.  
 He's Skill'd in Mischief like *Romes Pope*,  
 Or Priests with a *Canonic Cope*.  
 He's one of those that wou'd, in sum,  
 Extirpate Kings as did old *Rome*;  
 And for a poor thing too, they say,  
 A Suppos'd Chast *LUCRETIA*,  
 Then set up a *Democracie*  
 (The *Darling of the Mobile*)  
 To Rule, and without more ado  
 The *Tyrants* play, and *Devils* too.  
 Next *Father Gray-Beard* he appears  
 With inch of hair and *Swagging* ears,  
 But Peruqu't now shrowds like *Man Sage*  
 The Baldness of his *Lust and Age*.  
*Tom Popular*, let me thee advise  
 To hearken to the *Orphans* Cries ;

'Cause



'Cause *Charles* does his, *Tom Fool*, must you  
Shut up the *City-Chequer* too?

Your Nest now sure well-feather'd is

By serving our *Metropolis*;

Therefore the Babes will cry Pray Pay,

For it is now past Twelvemonth-day.

In *City Maiden-Fields* call'd *More*

Lives one has bin a Bawd and Whore,

(And yet's no Tenant of the Grave)

As long as he bin R---- and K----

A Haunter to *Creswellian Stews*,

A shame to *Christians*, *Turks*, and *Jews*,

Where he with Lustful appetite

Revel'd, till past the Noon of Night,

That Brisk *Aurora* 'gan to peep

On slothful Mortals fast asleep,

(Except *Gold-finder*, or *Black-sweep*,

Burse-Sentinel with Bandleer,

And *Lanthorn'd*, *Rusty-Halberdeer*.)

Casting her eyes about her, she

Espi'd, and as soon blusht to see

This Superannuated *Satyr*,

White, hairless-pated *Erra-Pater*,

Lockt in the Embraces of her Arms,

Who had a Mine of Graceful Charms;

The Fulsom'ft sight that e'er was seen,

To see old *Sixty* grope *Sixteen*.

City

26      *A Murnival of Knaves, &c.*

City-Priapus, Campaigne-Bull,  
 Prostitute to each Hackney-Trull,  
 Hast thou the Impudence to think,  
 Rank He-Goat, Carrion that does stink  
 Above ground, that thou'rt fit to be  
 The Guardian of Virginity?  
 Methinks the colder Snow of Age  
 Sho'd cool at least thy Cod-piece Rage,  
 If not quite quench thy Amorous Fire,  
 Weak in the Act, strong in desire.  
 Had he but Youth, and strength of Chine,  
 He might contend with Messaline,  
 Who, when o'er-rid by twice twelve, cried  
 I'm tired, but yet not satisfied:  
 Nay some do groundedly Post-sage,  
 That had he liv'd within that Age,  
 When there was one, and one alone,  
 Call'd Petticoated-Papefs-Joan,  
 He soon to Rome had made his flight  
 (Without what th' Adage says is light)  
 To try her Antichristian Charms.  
 Old Soldiers love to be in Arms.  
 And pray, why may not London-Knight,  
 To sate Inord'nate Appetite,  
 Venture as far for German Punk  
 With credit, as a German Monk,  
 Whose Vertue and Prolific Skill,  
 If but as brisk as Lust and Will,

He

He may depend o'th' *Priests* Success,  
And re-impregnate *Holiness* ?  
Who doubts it ? but by th' *Haly-Rood*,  
'Twou'd prove a Monstrous, Spurious Brood ;  
A Holy, *Anglo-German-Brat*,  
*Dutch Sooterkin*, and *English Rat*,  
Which must, in spight o'th' *Casnist*,  
Be nam'd the *Calvino-Papist*.

Well, *Hugonot* ! thou sneering Fool !

They've now a *Porphyry Cucking-stool* ;

~~That~~, till the very Day of Doom,

Shall no *Tiresias* be in *Rome*

For to defile that Holy Chair

With any false *Priests*, or foul *Player*.

*Rome* ! the grand *Mart* of *Pious Frauds*,

Th' Emporium of Pimps, Whores and Bauds :

Nest of a cursed Gaming Crew :

Then *Rome* take P---- or P---- take you,

For he's or yours, or some Fiend's due.

Others there are that dare assure,

That when he's in the Grave secure

(Being such a Prodigie of Lust)

He'll *Fumble* with the Worms in dust,

And get (O pretty sight to see !)

A numerous, crawling Progeny.

There's one thing more 'gainst him in charge,

Wherein I will be brief, not large,

Or

Or rather an Advice, that he  
 Wou'd learn to practice *Loyalty*.  
 Know the vast distance, *Sawcebox*, come,  
 'Twixt *Royal James* and *Rascal Tom* ;  
 What; make no difference, wretched wight !  
 'Twixt a *Great Prince* and a *Poor Knight* ?  
 A common City-Servant known ;  
 Who e'er found him a Faithful one ?  
 Unleader'd now thou mayst be made,  
 Or turn an Aged *Lancepresade*.  
 Die, Die for shame, thou'lt liv'd too long,  
 Turbulent *Commoner* of the *Throng*,  
 That we may all with good *Presage*  
 From that time date our *Merry-age*.  
 Thus you see *Exit Dwarfish Don*,  
 The *May-pole-Miser* too is gon ;  
 And eke also amongst the Herd  
 Our most Salacious *Dad-Gray-Beard* ;  
 Of all Sedition, Villany,  
 And Mischiefe, the *Triumviri*.  
 To make this Trine a perfect Square,  
 Which Learned call Quadrangular,  
 Harken with reverence and Fear,  
 Divinity brings up the Rear :  
 Come *Black-Coat-Bumpkin*, *Grave Fopdoodle*,  
 Shake ears affix to empty *Noddle*.  
 Of a Bad Father the Worst Son,  
 The *Proteus* of Religion :

Spawn



Spawn of an *Anabaptist Dipper*,  
 Of the Kirk's Catch an *Under-skipper*,  
 Once a *Lay-Saint-Andomarist*,  
 A *Papist* and a *Calvanist*;  
 Now this, then that, indeed what not?  
 E'en any thing but good, *God wor*.  
 As stories tell, (and 'tis no *Flam*)  
 O'th Famous man of *Roterdam*;  
 The *Papists* all so dubious were  
 Of his Religion, that i'th'aer  
 They hang'd his Corps twixt *Heaven* and *Hell*,  
 Knowing not which 't'allot him well;  
 Much more ought this *Lay-Priest* to be  
 Serv'd so for his Inconstancie,  
 Till the last *Trump* (a dubious Case)  
 Summons him to his proper place;  
 There to receive his deserv'd doom,  
 For kindness done to *Us* and *Rome*.  
 This Reverend Doctor of the *Manca*,  
 Prudent as *Quixot's Sancha Pancha*,  
 Did gravely foot it round the *Town*,  
 In *Doctors Scarf*, and *Doctors Gown*,  
 With *Janizaries* two at heel,  
 Ty'd to *Morglay's* of *Bilbo-steel*;  
 Therefore you cannot but him grant,  
 To be of the *Church-Militant*;  
 Now walks *en Cuerdo*, *Honest Tite*,  
 Scorning to leave the *Spaniard* quite,

E

'Cause

20 *A Murrional of Knaves, &c.*

'Cause he being every where denied,  
 Was by the *Dan Doctorified*;  
 A *Renegado* (we'll go on)  
 Who wants but *Circumcision*,  
*Asperse* good store, and *Pezants true*,  
 To make him either *Turk* or *Jew*,  
 This Learned Sage *Philosopher*,  
 Needs not read *Alec. Rasle* over.  
 For this Religious, *Goblin Elf*,  
 Has a *Pansebeia* in himself;  
 He is *Religions Tennis-ball*,  
 Bandied and told about by all,  
 From *England* unto *France* and *Spain*,  
 And thence to *England* back again.  
 A *Dulman*, a meer *Clerk* obese,  
 A walking *Quagmire* of *Grease*,  
 So Bladder'd by the *Can* and *Pot*,  
 That he, like the *Heraclet*,  
 Values no more the pricks of pins,  
 Then Boys at *Foot-ball* kicks on thins;  
 And for these *Reasons* they do say,  
 He's made *Arch-bishop* of *Bum-bay*,  
 'Cause his *Posterior*s large and great,  
 Will very well fulfil that *Seat*,  
 So that promoted to this place,  
 He that had none is call'd *this Grace*,  
 Though there were other *Reasons* fore,  
 Two, three or four, or less or more.

As

*A Murrill of Knave, &c.*

38

As followeth such as these are,  
(And they indeed are very rare)  
As wise as he that rode in quest  
Of's *Mother-Tongue*, a pretty Jest,  
Or the four-footed Creature dull,  
Trotting nine miles to suck a Bull.  
In Travel he hath all out-done,  
Has Lacquay'd the unwearied Sun  
All Europe o're, like a *Divoto*,  
True by the *Figure pars pro toto*,  
Active as Guts and Garbage can  
Be in so great, though little Man.  
He has a Voice as loud and yerne,  
As any Swallow on a Berne,  
With which he in a squeaking tone  
Sawfily prates to every one;  
Thinking, Proud Fop! he has no betters,  
Because he is a Man of Letters.  
He was so once; I must confess,  
When that it was his happiness  
To be *Rome's Post-boy*, and made choice  
Of to be Mercury from *Artois*.  
If this does make him Learned, so  
He is, but nothing else I know.  
He cannot say his *Curra Lex*,  
Nor, though he ought, *O Vraat Rex*.  
He frequently breaks *Priscian's* head,  
Inhumanely, though long since dead.

In *Holy Writ* some Texts him gall,  
 Particularly *Swear not at all* ;  
 Besides, another seems but strange  
 Unto him, *Be not given to Change* ;  
 By which it plainly may be said,  
 I'th' Sacred Pages he's Ill-read :  
 Nay both these sentences would he  
 Expunge, had he the liberty,  
 Were it not for that dreadful Curse  
 (Than which there cannot be a worse)  
 Mention'd, which I suppose he knows,  
 Of that Book, in the very close.  
 More of his Vertues I cou'd tell,  
 For which the Doctor knows full well,  
 He's curs'd by Candle, Book, and Bell,  
 And damn'd by th' *Pope* of *Rome* to *Hell*.  
 Yet now that I have done with all,  
 Particularly the *Murnival*,  
 I must i'th' *Tories* Vindication,  
 Whisper a word i'th' ear o'th' *Nation* ;  
 And that is truly only this,  
 (Dissenters, take it not amiss)  
 When *Tories* swear, indeed they swear,  
 But only 'tis because they fear,  
 And know, and hear most certainly,  
*Whigs* Cheat and Lye most damnably ;  
 Making *Religion* Noise and Buz,  
 Enuf to vex a *Man* of *U*.

But



But to excuse them from that Crime,  
(If an Excuse may be in Rhyme)  
I will assure you there may be  
Found 'mongst you as great *Rogues* as we,  
For *Whoring*, *Swearing*, *Drinking* too ;  
For *Lying* we have nought to do,  
Nor *Shamming*, 'tis your constant Trade,  
And will be till the *Earth* be made  
A general fire, and it is true,  
As I said Hypocrite take thy due,  
And that I certainly thee tell,  
Thy portion's th'hottest place in Hell.  
Thus *Whig* Damns *Whig*, and yet they all  
Are Innocent, both great and small,  
But I must tell you that's a Lye,  
(*Whig*, I'm asham'd of you) and why.  
For tho' through ignorance of late,  
It has been *Tom's* unlucky Fate  
To be abus'd, I'll undeceive  
The Vulgar (if they will believe)  
'Twas whipping *Zac*— not whipping *Tom*,  
That first discover'd *Maidens Bumb*,  
And flogg'd it ; though he, Pious Soul,  
Design'd the opposite Port-hole  
To enter, but he first wou'd see  
How fair Posterious might be,  
And then he rationally guest,  
The thing before was like the rest ;

A pretty way in truth to try,  
 Whether a Maid with man would ly;  
 Next the *Clare-Market* Priest comes in,  
 Who never counted it a Sin  
 To lye with Woman, Wife, Maid, Whore,  
 And has (they say) bored many a score;  
 But that the worst was when he tried  
 To bless before he occupied;  
 Who caught the Maid in private room,  
 With Benediction of the Womb,  
 Where he upon the very place,  
 Like *Wanton Priest* gat Babe of Grace,  
 But 'twas not ill to ly with her,  
 Because a true *Jack Presbyter*.  
 Now give me leave for to define,  
 The Son o'th' *Handkercherd Divine*;  
 Who swills until the Noon of Night,  
 And gorges still his Appetite  
 With Viands and Liquors; but yet then  
 For to avoid the sight of Men,  
 Sleeps where his Drunkenness he got,  
 Like, *Holy Presbyterian Sot*;  
 And then at last away he goes  
 Upon his Feet, (I think with Toes)  
 But first 'tis possibly he may  
 For's Lodging in the morning pray,  
 And that is all; welcome, well gone,  
 Of Holy Father *Gratious Son*.

I care not for the Bullian figs,  
 That in Moorefields are danc'd by Whigs;  
 Of the same Coat, but will conclude,  
 With one Lay-man or th' Multitude.  
 A Reverend, Grave Pythagoras;  
 But in good sooth a very Ass;  
 That is endow'd with as much sense,  
 And Learning, (for all his presence)  
 As 'mongst School-boys is one and twenty,  
 That can repeat *As in presenti*.

Yes he has been a Statist too,  
 Yes certainly with much ado;  
 A Man of great Integrity,  
 That will not pay, nor tell you why,  
 Though a just Debt, only I won't,  
 Is this your Honesty, pox on't.  
 One that shall slip from place to place,  
 Until his Worship does disgrace  
 His Worship and his Manhood too,  
 And yet shall rail at me, or you,  
 Though I have known him, what I'll say,  
 Take drunken Journeys thrice a day,  
 And going home at night 'tis *verum*,  
 Hath Scarified his *Index verum*.  
 But in a Tory 'tis a Crime  
 Unpard'nable, a Fault sublime;  
 Yet in a Whig it is but small,  
 A Failing, may be none at all.

Great

35 *A Murnival of Knaves, &c.*

Great Monarch ! hear now the sad plaint  
Of your poor people, sick and faint  
For Parliament and Priviledge,  
Which nought can cure, but *Ketch* and *Sledge* ;  
Grant their Request if you think fitting,  
Or send them home to mind their *knitting*.

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*F I N I S.*

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in Lat. 8°.

An *Idea of Happiness*, in a Letter to a Friend.



